

**THE**

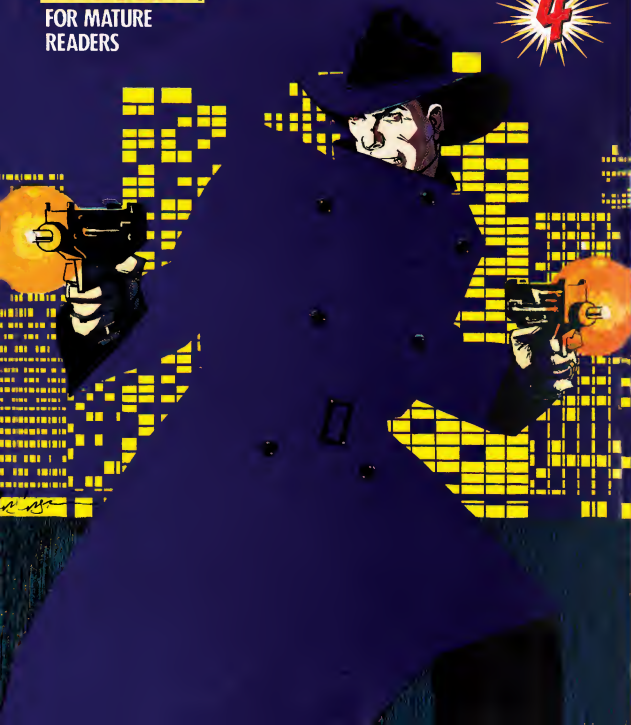
# SHADOW

by **HOWARD CHAYKIN**

**DYNAMITE.**

FOR MATURE  
READERS

TM



# THE S H A D O W<sup>TM</sup>

## BLOOD & JUDGMENT



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CAB,  
SIR?

YEAH--  
YEAH--

QUIET  
NIGHT,  
HUN?

YEAH,  
DEAD  
CROWD--

WELL,  
Y'KNOW--  
IT'S  
MONDAY..

tonite only:  
**Atomic Ser  
Vampires**  
next:



...IN THE WEATHER  
DON'T HELP.

I  
REMEMBER  
WHEN THE CITY  
WAS BONGO  
CRAZY  
AT THIS HOUR--  
SO MANY  
CHICKS...

I HATE  
TO BE THE  
ONE TO TELL  
YOU, PAL--THAT'S  
GETTING TO BE  
FIFTEEN YEARS  
AGO--



I'VE TOSSED KIDS  
OUT O' THE CLUB YOUNGER  
THAN THAT--

GUESS  
SO...



HERE'S  
SOMETHING  
FOR THE  
GOOD OW'  
DAYS--



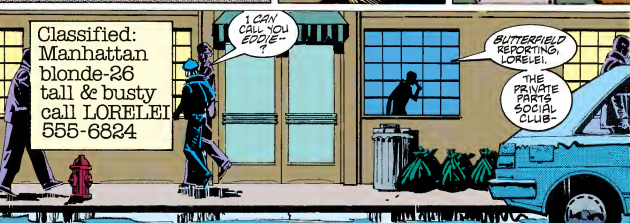
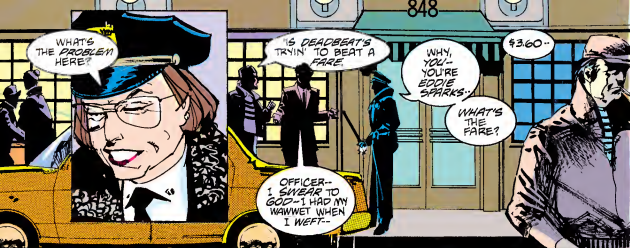
Classified:  
LORELEI  
38-24-36  
Tall and leggy  
redhead  
555-6824

PEREZ  
REPORTING,  
LORELEI--

REAL  
NAME:  
EDWARD  
EPSTEIN--

--848  
WEST 45th  
STREET--

--AND  
HE'S A  
LOUSY  
TIPPER--





SO  
YOU GIRLS  
COME FOR FUN,  
LIKE US,  
HUN?



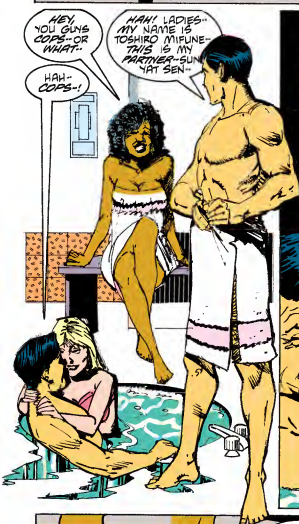
SURE-  
GIGGLE-

--BUT  
WE GET  
IN FREE--  
SNORT--



IT'S  
NOT LIKE  
YOU'RE BEING  
PAID BY THE  
HOUSE--

GIGGLE-  
SNORT--



HEY,  
YOU GUYS  
COPS-OR  
WHAT--

HAH! LADIES--  
MY NAME IS  
TOSHIRO MIFUNE--  
THIS IS MY  
PARTNER-SUN  
YAT SEN--

HAH-  
COPS--!



--AND  
WE ARE IN THE  
UNITED STATES  
RECRUITING BEAUTIFUL  
AMERICAN WOMEN  
TO COME TO  
TOKYO--

OH,  
LIKE ON  
TV--OH,  
YOU  
KNOW--

NO,  
NO--DON'T  
TELL  
ME--



BAZOOKA--  
KALAMAZ--

YAKUZA--

RIGHT!

YOU  
GUYS ARE  
GREAT--YOU  
WANT TO TALK  
TO SAIGON  
JOHN--

Classified  
LORELEI  
Satin  
and lace  
Call  
555-6824



--OVER  
AT THE BON  
SOIR--



CHING  
REPORTING,  
LORELEI--

--THE  
MAITRE D'  
AT THE BON  
SOIR--

--628  
E. 55th--

e-bibble-bibble.bibble.bibble-bibble-bibble.blt





WE'RE  
ONLY IN  
NEW YORK  
OVER-  
NIGHT-



--SO  
ME AND BIG  
JACK HERE COULD  
SURE USE SOME-  
YOU KNOW-  
SPECIAL  
CARE?



WELL,  
I DON'T  
KNOW...  
I--



LISTEN,  
PARD--WOULD A  
HUNDRED  
GREASE THE  
WHEEL?

WELL--  
TO TELL THE  
TRUTH,  
TEX--

--FIFTY  
WOULDA  
CLOSED THE  
DEAL--



--BUT SINCE YOU  
AND MRS. TEX HERE COME  
SO HIGHLY  
RECOMMENDED--

--AND SINCE  
YOU OFFERED ME A  
HUNDRED--

--THIS'LL  
COST YOU A HUNDRED-  
FIFTY--



--GIVE THESE  
GUNS A CALL--ANGIE'LL  
GET YOU ANYTHING  
MONEY CAN BUY--

--NO MATTER  
HOW DISGUSTING,  
DEGENERATE, AND  
MORALLY DECAYED  
YOU MAY BE

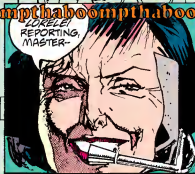


Classified:  
LORELEI  
will drive  
you crazy  
Dial  
555-OUCH!

VINCENT  
REPORTING  
BURB-  
LORELEI--

LE  
CHATEAU --  
609-555--  
5876.

boompthaboompthaboompthaboompthaboompthaboompthaboom



LORELEI  
REPORTING,  
MASTER--

--I THINK  
WE HAVE  
IT.

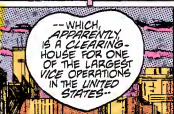


THE  
"CHATEAU"  
TELEPHONE  
NUMBER  
TIES INTO A  
NATIONWIDE  
SATELLITE  
HOOKUP--

--I  
ACCESSSED  
INTO ONE OF  
THE LINES UNTIL  
I GOT TO THE  
CENTRAL  
CORE--



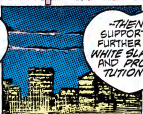
blee.blip.blee.blip.blee.blip.blee.blip.blee.blip.blee.blip



--WHICH,  
APPARENTLY  
IS A CLEARING-  
HOUSE FOR ONE  
OF THE LARGEST  
VICE OPERATIONS  
IN THE UNITED  
STATES--



--A  
NETWORK  
FINANCED  
ORIGINALLY BY  
DRUGS--



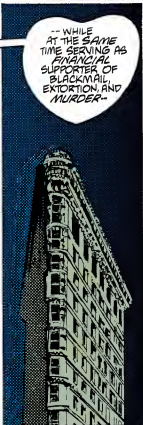
--THEN  
SUPPORTED  
FURTHER BY  
WHITE SLAVING  
AND PROSTITUTION--



--AND  
WHICH HAS  
NOW EXTENDED  
ITS LONG REACH  
IN TWO  
DIRECTIONS--



--ON  
ONE HAND  
ABSORBING  
LEGITIMATE  
ENTERPRISES,  
SUCH AS HOTELS  
AND  
RESORTS--



--WHILE  
AT THE SAME  
TIME SERVING AS  
FINANCIAL  
SUPPORTER OF  
BLACKMAIL,  
EXTORTION, AND  
MURDER--



THE  
NAME?

# THE SHADOW RETURNS IN



PRESTON MAYROCK--

MR. LOCKHART HAS COLLATED THE INFORMERS DOSSIER--

IT'S NEARLY 500 PAGES OF PRINT. CUT--

VERY GOOD LORELEI--

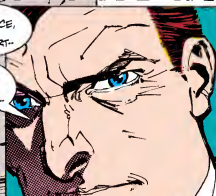
PUT ALL AGENTS ON FULL ALERT--

WE MOVE TONIGHT--

WHAT'S YOUR SENSE OF THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE MASTER?

NOT A CHANCE, MR. LOCKHART--

THEN KNOW WE'RE COATING--



BUT-- BUT-- MAYROCK--

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO BE FOUND--

THAT'S RIGHT, EDDIE-- BUT YOU GOT TO BE FERRETTED OUT BY SURPRISE--

YOUR STUPIDITY MIGHT WELL HAVE LED TO THE SHADOW TO TAKE US-- MAYROCK--

IF NOT FOR THE RIGHT PEOPLE IN THE COMPANY--

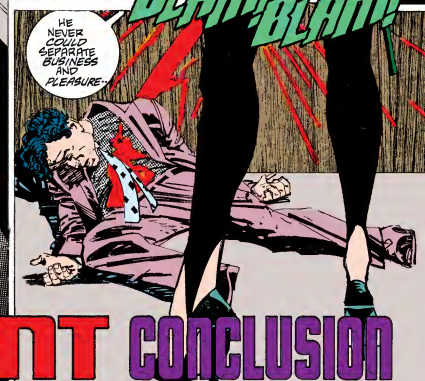
WE CAN'T HAVE THAT SPARK, NOW, CAN WE--

MRS. MAYROCK-- MERCY-PLEASE-- WE'VE BEEN ENLIGHTENED--



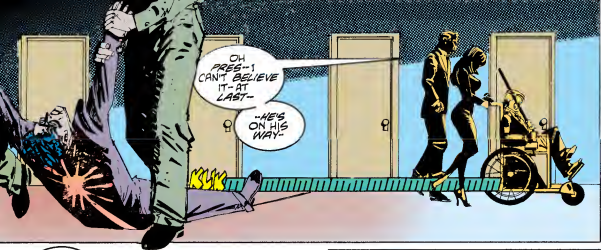
BLAM! BLAM!

HE NEVER COULD SEPARATE BUSINESS AND PLEASURE--



# BLOOD & JUDGMENT CONCLUSION





OH  
PRES--I  
CAN'T BELIEVE  
IT--AT  
LAST--

--HE'S  
ON HIS  
WAY--



WHAT  
DO YOU  
THINK?  
THAT BLACK  
COCKTAIL  
NUMBER  
YOU GOT  
FOR--

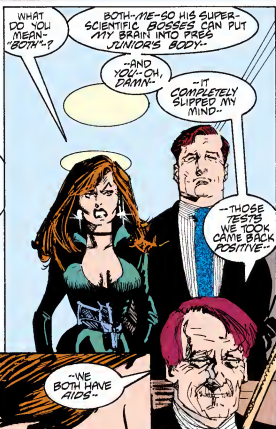
FINE--  
FINE--

--FEEL  
MY PULSE,  
MERCY--

--I'M  
RACING LIKE  
A THOROUGH-  
BRED--AFTER  
ALL THESE  
YEARS--

--ALL  
THE PLANNING  
HAS PAID  
OFF--

--ALL  
THAT'S LEFT  
NOW IS FOR  
THAT MURDEROUS  
BASTARD TO  
TAKE US BOTH  
BACK TO  
SHAMBALA--



WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN--  
"BOTH"--?

BOTH--ME--SO HIS SUPER-  
SCIENTIFIC BOSSES CAN PUT  
MY BRAIN INTO PRES  
JUNIOR'S BODY--

--AND  
YOU--OH,  
DAMN--

--IT  
COMPLETELY  
SLIPPED MY  
MIND--

--THOSE  
TESTS  
WE TOOK  
CAME BACK  
POSITIVE--

--WE  
BOTH HAVE  
AIDS--

PRES--  
I--  
WHAT?!!



SHHH--  
MERCY--NOT  
IN FRONT  
OF THE  
EMPLOYEES--

I THINK  
THEY'RE  
HERE, MR.  
MANROCK--

--CHECK  
OUT DISPLAY  
NO. 50!!!





"YOU GOT SEX  
AND DEATH."

STEADY, MS.  
LOCKHART-

--MAYROCK'S DEN  
OF INIQUITY LIES  
BETWEEN THE  
LEGITIMATE HOTEL  
AND HIS PRIVATE  
SUITE--

--THE OPERATIVES  
CHOSEN FOR THIS  
MISSION ARE IN  
PLACE--

"MAINTAIN AN  
OPEN LINE TO  
LORELEI--SHE  
WILL KEEP YOU  
APPRISED OF  
POLICE ACTIVITY."

# MAY CAS

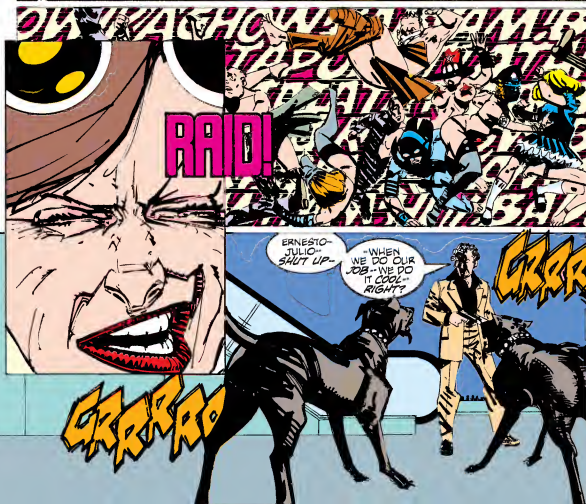
--AND YOU  
MAY GIVE THE  
WORD FOR  
MOTION, MS.  
LOCKHART--



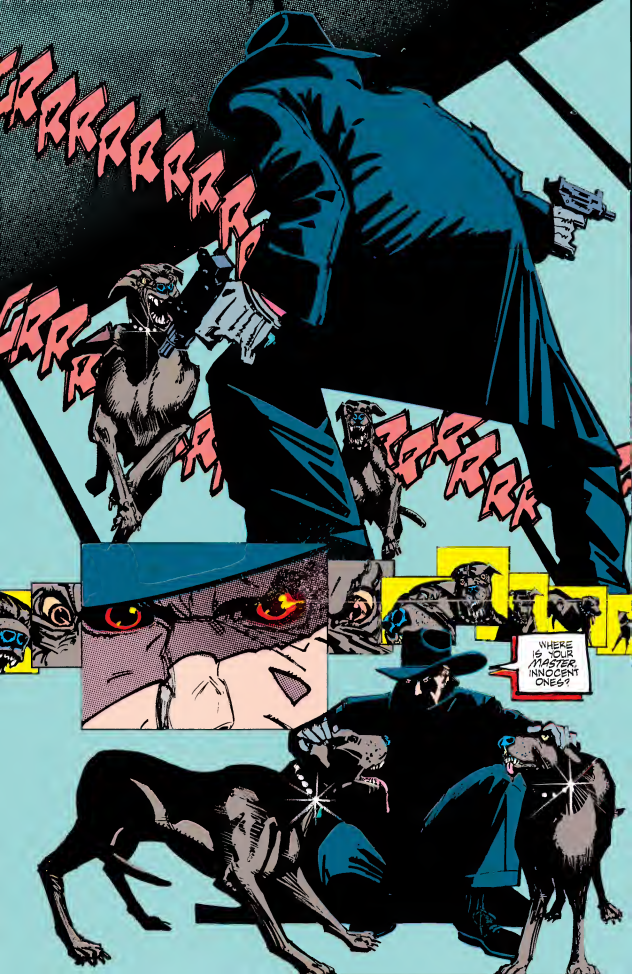
--NOW.





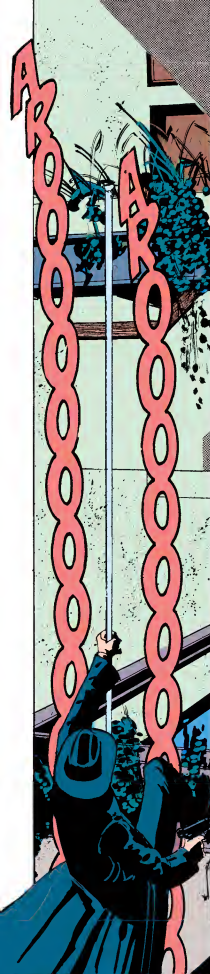






RRRRRRRR  
RRRR

WHERE  
IS YOUR  
MASTER  
INNOCENT  
ONES?



WELL,  
ALLARD..

--WHAT'S  
IT GOING  
TO BE?

YOU  
SEE THE  
WEAPONS I  
POSSESS--

--EITHER  
YOU LOWER  
YOUR PISTOLS--  
AND WE TALK  
BUSINESS--LIKE  
THE GENTLEMEN  
WE ONCE  
PRETENDED  
TO BE--

--OR  
NEW YORK  
CITY, ALONG  
WITH THE SO-  
CALLED  
TRI-STATE  
AREA--

--BECOMES  
GROUND  
ZERO.







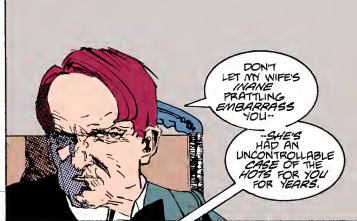
CRANSTON...

DAMN  
IT--LOOK AT  
YOU--

--YOU  
HAVEN'T  
CHANGED A  
BIT--

--STILL  
THE IMPERTURBABLE  
SONOFABITCH  
I HIRED IN  
'22--

--WELL,  
OLD BOY--  
I'VE GOT  
ANOTHER  
JOB FOR  
YOU--



DON'T  
LET MY WIFE'S  
IVANE  
PRATTLING  
EMBARRASS  
YOU--

--SHE'S  
HAD AN  
UNCONTROLLABLE  
CASE OF THE  
HOTS FOR YOU  
FOR YEARS.

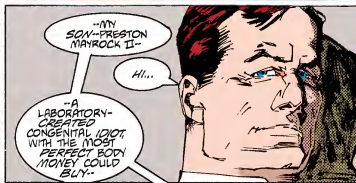


KENT  
ALLARD--

--I'D  
LIKE--NO, I  
WOULDN'T--  
REALLY--



--THIS  
IS MERCY  
KILDARE--  
MAYROCK--  
YOUR BIGGEST  
FAN--



--MY  
SON--PRESTON  
MAYROCK II--

Hi...

--A  
LABORATORY-  
CREATED  
CONGENITAL IDIOT,  
WITH THE MOST  
PERFECT BODY  
MONEY COULD  
BUY--



--I  
REMEMBER  
EVERY LITTLE  
THING AS IF IT  
HAPPENED  
ONLY  
YESTERDAY--



MY  
GOD--

--YOU'RE  
EVEN MORE  
GORGEOUS  
THAN I  
COULD HAVE  
POSSIBLY  
IMAGINED--

# 1922



THAT FERAL, BESTIAL GLINT  
IN YOUR EYES--

--THE FALL--  
OH, HOW I  
FELL--

--BUT TRUE TO  
FORM--THE  
CRANSTON LUCK  
HELD UP--

--THE THICK PACKED  
SNOW CUSHIONED  
ME AS I DESCENDED--  
THE WIND KNOCKED  
OUT OF ME--

--I WAS  
RESCUED--



--BY A WHITE  
MAN, OF ALL  
THINGS--

--A WHITE RUSSIAN--  
TURNED OUTLAW--ON  
THE RUN FROM THE  
OGPL--

--HE WAS DESPERATELY  
LONELY OUT THERE WITH  
NO ONE BUT THE CHINESE  
TO TALK TO--

--WE BECAME FAST  
FRIENDS--AND  
PARTNERS--



--I TOLD HIM ABOUT THE  
FORTUNE IN DRUGS  
CONCEALED IN THE  
MISSIONARIES' CORPSES--

--THEN I HAND-PICKED  
THE BEARERS TO  
RECOVER THE OPIUM--

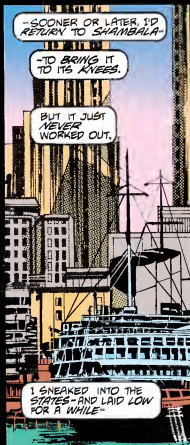
--SO BORIS' ACCIDENT  
WOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM--



IT TOOK ME SIX  
YEARS TO PROCESS  
THE DOPE--AND  
WALK IT OUT OF  
TIBET--

--BUT I LEFT  
CONVINCED OF  
ONE THING--





--SOONER OR LATER, I'D RETURN TO SHAMBALA--

--TO BRING IT TO ITS KNEES.

BUT IT JUST NEVER WORKED OUT.

I SNEAKED INTO THE STATES--AND LAID LOW FOR A WHILE--



--THEN JUST ABOUT THE TIME FDR REPEALED PROHIBITION--

--I BOUGHT UP A STRING OF SPEAKEASIES AND TURNED 'EM INTO CATHOUSES--

--WHICH NEAR QUADRUPLED MY INITIAL INVESTMENTS FROM THE DRUG SALE.

ALL OF A SUDDEN, I WAS MAKING MORE MONEY THAN I EVER HAD--



--PULLING IN A TON FROM VICE--

--BUT DOING GREAT GUNS LEGITIMATELY, TOO!

I'D BEEN LIVING OUT WEST A FEW YEARS, RUNNING MAYROCK, LTD.

--YOUR EXPLOITS AS THE SHADOW WERE KNOWN OUT THERE--MOSTLY THROUGH THE MAGAZINE--

--WHEN I SUDDENLY SEE--



--YOU--WITH MY NAME--

--ALL OF A SUDDEN, IT'S CLEAR--YOU WERE HERE-- AS THE SHADOW--USING MY NAME--



--I HAD NEVER BEEN MORE TERRIFIED IN MY LIFE--

--I WENT UNDERGROUND--LIVED A HERMIT'S EXISTENCE IN LUXURY--



--AND DIDN'T COME OUT 'TIL I WAS SURE I HAD ADEQUATE FIREPOWER...

...TO TAKE SHAMBALA--

--BUT WHEN I WENT BACK--IT WAS GONE.

1949





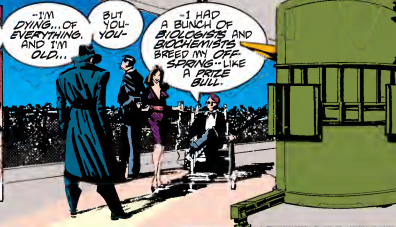
..AND NOW I'M A SICK OLD MAN WITH ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU..

..I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME WITH YOU TO SHAMBALA..

..I'M DYING...OF EVERYTHING. AND I'M OLD...

BUT YOU-YOU-

..I HAD A BUNCH OF BIOLOGISTS AND BIOCHEMISTS BREED MY OFF SPRING..LIKE A PRIZE BULL..



THEY CREATED A PERFECT VESSEL TO CARRY MY MIND..

..BUT NEVER COULD GUARANTEE A SUCCESSFUL BRAIN TRANSPLANT..

..BUT I KNEW DEAR SWEET RUDRA CARRIN COULD HANDLE THE JOB BEFORE LUNCH..



YOU'RE GIBBERING, CRANSTON-HYSTERICAL--

..I THINK YOU LOST ANY GRIP YOU HAD ON REALITY...

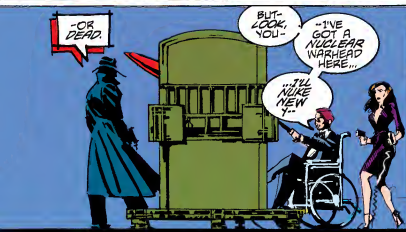
..THE MOMENT YOU FORCED YOUR GIRL-FRIEND OUT OF THE TRIMOTOR AT GUNPOINT..

BUT--



THE ONLY POSSIBLE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH I WOULD BRING YOU TO SHAMBALA--

--WOULD BE IN SHACKLES--



--OR DEAD.

BUT-LOOK, YOU-

..I'VE GOT A NUCLEAR WARHEAD HERE...

..I'LL NUKE NEW Y--



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--

..I ANSWER TO A HIGHER AUTHORITY, CRANSTON--

--AS YOU WILL--

# BLAM!



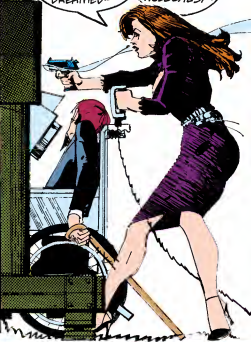
MERCY-  
I-DON'T  
GET IT  
??!

SEX  
AND DEATH,  
PRES--THAT'S  
ALL--

--OH,  
LAMONT--  
TAKE YOUR  
CLOTHES OFF--  
NO--LEAVE  
THEM ON--

--YOU  
AND ME ARE  
GOING OUT THE  
WAY I'VE  
ALWAYS  
DREAMED--

--GETTING  
IT ON IN  
THE MIDDLE  
OF A NUCLEAR  
HOLocaust--



????

--AND  
NOT JUST  
GETTING IT ON  
WITH ANYBODY,  
MIND YOU--

--BUT  
MAKING  
IT WITH THE  
SHADOW--



!!!!!!

--I MEAN--  
I'VE HAD THIS  
MIGHTY LOVE  
JONES FOR YOU--  
THE SHADOW  
I MEAN--

--LONG  
BEFORE I MET  
PRES--

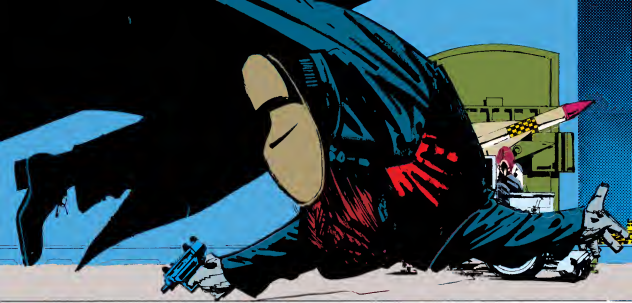


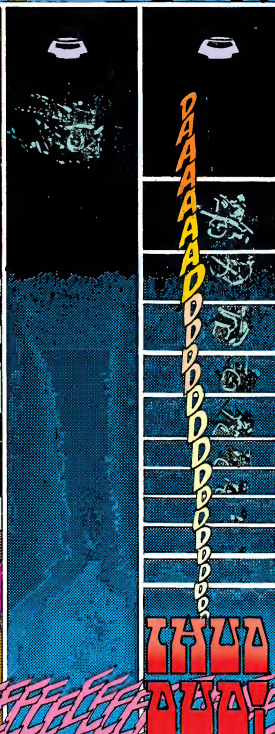
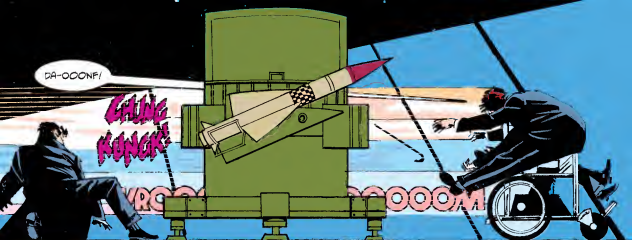
--AND  
WHEN I SAW  
HIS SCRAPBOOK  
OF CLIPPINGS ABOUT  
YOU-- LAMONT  
CRANSTON, I  
MEAN--











THE  
POLICE  
ARE NEARBY,  
YING KO-

..THE  
OTHERS  
HAVE  
ESCAPED, AS  
PLANNED..

LET'S  
GO, THEN,  
HSU-TEI-

-AS A  
PALADIN OF  
SHAMBALA, I  
HAVE AVENGED  
MY FALLEN  
COMRADES-

-LET THE POLICE  
DEAL WITH THE  
REST OF THE  
PROBLEM.

THE FIFTH  
AVENUE ADDRESS,  
MS. LOCKHART-

-AND BY THE  
SOUND OF THOSE  
SIRENS- I'D SAY  
MAKE IT FAST-

SEVERAL HOURS  
LATER, SEVERAL  
MILES AWAY..

HERE  
IT IS--  
SHHH--

--POLICE  
DESCRIBE THIS  
MORNING'S  
EVENTS IN  
ATLANTIC  
CITY--

..AS  
"GANG WAR  
ON AN EPIC  
SCALE"--

--AS, IN THE PRE-DAWN HOURS, THE RIOT SQUAD WAS CALLED IN TO QUELL AN OUTBREAK OF GUNPLAY AT MAYROCK'S CASINO HOTEL--

-WHEN  
THE SMOKE  
HAD CLEARED,  
ANOTHER,  
BIZARRE  
STORY  
EMERGED-

THE  
DISCOVERY  
OF AN ELABORATE  
HOUSE OF ILL REPUTE--  
CATERING, IF THE  
SIGNATURES IN ITS  
GUEST BOOK ARE  
GENUINE--

-TO  
THE **BEST-**  
KNOWN NAMES  
IN POLITICS  
AND SHOW  
BUSINESS.

adow

--WHAT LITTLE EVIDENCE ON THE SCENE MADE AVAILABLE TO REPORTERS--  
--INCLUDES THIS BRIEF PIECE OF VIDEOTAPE--



--AS WELL AS THIS PHOTOGRAPH--PURPORTEDLY AN ARMED AIR-TO-GROUND LOW-MEGATON NUCLEAR WEAPON--



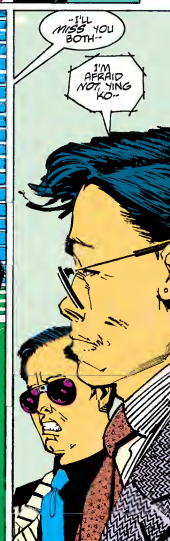
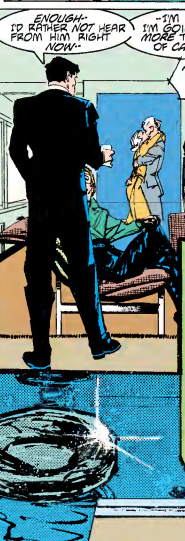
--POLICE REPORT THEY HAVE RECOVERED THE BODIES OF PRESTON MAYROCK, AND HIS WIFE, THE FORMER MERCY KILDARE--



--REGULAR TELEVISION VIEWERS WILL REMEMBER THE LATE MAG. MAYROCK AS THE HOSTESS OF "LOSERS...WEEPERS"...  
--WHO LEFT THAT SHOW--

--AFTER AN EMOTIONAL ON-AIR BREAKDOWN...  
...ANOTHER ANGLE OF THIS BIZARRE CASE IS THE REPORTED SIGHTING OF THE SHADOW--

--AT THE MAYROCK HOTEL--  
--HERE'S FORMER POLICE INSPECTOR JOSEPH CARDONA TO SET US--



ENOUGH--  
I'D RATHER NOT HEAR FROM HIM RIGHT NOW--

--I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE MORE THAN MY FILL OF CARDONA--

HOW DO YOU--

I'VE DECIDED TO STAY--  
AGAINST EVERY BETTER JUDGMENT--

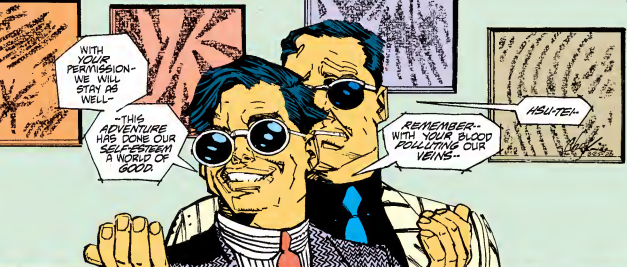
--MY PULSE IS RACING LIKE IT HASN'T IN YEARS--

--AND IT'S TIME TO FURTHER RID THE WORLD OF ITS VIPERS--

--I'LL MISS YOU BOTH--

I'M AFRAID NOT, YING KO--





WITH  
YOUR  
PERMISSION--  
WE  
WILL  
STAY AS  
WELL--

"THIS  
ADVENTURE  
HAS DONE OUR  
SELF-ESTEEM  
A WORLD OF  
GOOD

REMEMBER--  
WITH YOUR BLOOD  
POLLUTING OUR  
VEINS--

HSU-TEI--



--BY  
SHAMBALAN  
STANDARDS, WE  
ARE SECOND--  
RATE--

HSU-TEI--  
SSSHH--

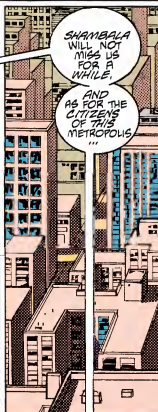
RELAX,  
CHING YAO  
CHANG. LET  
YOUR BROTHER  
SPEAK--

BUT  
BY LOCAL  
STANDARDS--  
WE ARE  
SUPERMEN--



WITH MY  
PERMISSION,  
EH...?

VERY  
WELL, THEN--  
STAY.



SHAMBALA  
WILL NOT  
MISS US  
FOR A  
WHILE.

AND  
AS FOR THE  
CITIZENS OF  
THIS  
METROPOLIS  
...



...GOD  
HELP THE  
GUILTY...

**BLOOD & JUDGMENT**  
(THE RETURN OF THE SHADOW)

has been brought to you,  
with pride, by

HOWARD CHAYKIN  
writer-artist

REM  
BRUZENAK  
letterer

ALEX  
WALD  
colorist

ANDREW  
HELPER  
editor

**THE END**



# *The Light Behind* **THE SHADOW**

*An Interview with Howard Chaykin by Joe Orlando*

Originally appeared in the 1987 trade paperback

*Joe Orlando, DC's vice president-creative director, gave Howard Chaykin some of his first assignments back in the early seventies. "Even then he had an attitude," recalls Orlando, whose own comics career began in 1948 at Avon Comics, and later E.C. Comics and Mad magazine. "I was editing DC's mystery/horror line, which was where I developed DC's new talent. Howard—with his long hair, ripped jeans, the whole bit—wasn't too thrilled when I gave him corrections on his work. I did them on overlays, and he'd moan and groan and mutter things under his breath that I never could quite make out.*

*"Then one day—I'll never forget it, it was one of the great shocks of my life—Howard comes strolling into the office decked out in a gorgeous three-piece suit, his short hair slicked back, looking as if he'd just popped out of a Leyendecker Arrow Shirt advertisement. I was speechless.*

*"Okay, Orlando, you've had it!" he said. "Now I'm the best dresser in the business! No more corrections—from now on, I get treated with respect around here!"*

*"I couldn't argue with him. I mean, he was a dead ringer for my grandfather in his younger days—right down to the gold chain across his vest. The only thing missing was a pair of spats!"*

*And in 1982, when Orlando accompanied Chaykin to Lucca, Italy's annual comic art show, he beamed with pride as Howard received the Yellow Kid award for best foreign artist. "I knew those overlays would pay off someday," says Orlando with a smile.*

*This interview should prove some things never change.*

**Joe:** Okay, let's start at the beginning. It was Dick Giordano [DC's editorial director] who approached you to do *The Shadow*, right? And you were intrigued by it—but only if you could do it your way?

**Howard:** Are you making me sound like a selfish person?

**Joe:** No, no—isn't that what you said?

**Howard:** Well, the fact of the matter is, I didn't come out and say, "Nah, nah, nah, only if I can play with my ball!" No, I

simply stated what I was intending to do. If they didn't like what I was going to do, I wasn't going to do the book.

**Joe:** So you wrote a letter of intention that you would update the material.

**Howard:** Yes.

**Joe:** And you felt it was commercially important to update it.

**Howard:** You bet. That's my job. My job is not to do comic books, it's to sell books for my client.

**Joe:** Now wasn't Conde Nast [the *Shadow* licensor] expecting a thirties story?

**Howard:** I don't know what they were expecting along those lines. If they wanted that, there are any number of people DC could have gotten to do it. There are plenty of guys who work regularly for DC, and could have done a perfectly wonderful 1930s pulp pastiche. And to tell you the truth, I could have done it in the thirties too, but it wouldn't have been as interesting a book.

**Joe:** Do you like the character?

**Howard:** The *Shadow*? I liked the *challenge* of the character. I don't think I'd want to continue on him for a long time, though. The *Shadow* himself is not very interesting to me, but the people around him are.

**Joe:** What was your game plan for the series?

**Howard:** Well, although I wanted to bring the story up to the modern period, I didn't want to connect it to its original sources, because—unlike most comics characters—The *Shadow* doesn't come with that much baggage and weight. Yet at the same time, I was interested in seeing if I could reintroduce the character thirty-five or thirty-six years after the original pulp series was cancelled without breaking the continuity.

**Joe:** What was your next step?

**Howard:** I came across this piece in *The People's Almanac*, Volume II. It was a speculation about ten mythical cities and



why they haven't been discovered. One of the cities is Shambala—actually a series of cities made of gold and diamonds.

**Joe:** And Shangri-La, in the book and movie *Lost Horizon*, is that based on these mythical cities?

**Howard:** Yeah, basically.

**Joe:** So, essentially, you've updated these myths, this time around giving them more of a scientific bent as opposed to a mystical one.

**Howard:** Actually, the implication in the *Almanac* piece was that these people were scientifically advanced *and* mystical, but not in a "Swami Baba Rum Raisin" sort of way. They supposedly had high-speed automobiles and flying machines.

**Joe:** What you're saying, then, is that Shambala is one side of the Far East coin, and a place like Nanda Parbat in the *Deadman* comics, which is *very* spiritual, is the other side.

**Howard:** I still insist that's an almost racist Western view of Eastern mysticism. I have a hard time dealing with this sort of pseudo - atmospheric - incense burner - and - gypsy woman stuff—it's like hearing the Temptations singing in back of Curtis Mayfield . . .

**Joe:** Or Maria Ouspenskaya from the old Wolfman movies . . .

**Howard:** Yeah, come on, give me a break. I'm a Jew from New York City and I have a reasonably pragmatic point of reference, and—

**Joe:** And what about the evil eye?

**Howard:** The hell with it. We definitely live in a more scientific, pragmatic age. I think my generation, because its own life was so pleasantly cushy by world standards and middle-class America, had to look to the East to have more problems and create more grief. I wasn't real interested in that, so I thought I'd do a scientific version of that lost city—connect it with Marco Polo and the Great Khan.

**Joe:** Now the concept makes a lot more sense: a city ahead of its time *would* be more scientific.

**Howard:** It's also more fun to me.

**Joe:** I could see you did a labor of love on those dens in Shanghai.

**Howard:** I had a great time with that.

**Joe:** I could picture you right there, Howard.

**Howard:** I can give you the reference on it. I went and saw Busby Berkeley's *Footlight Parade* with the "Shanghai Lil" sequence, and I had some erotica from the turn of the century to the late 1930s for costuming. Also, I looked at some actual photographs of the period—opium dens and brothels. I even read some Anaïs Nin. I enjoy doing my research, to tell you the truth.

**Joe:** The coloring of the series is interesting: it makes the violence seem so sweet . . .

**Howard:** Sweet? I don't know what you mean by that, Joe.

**Joe:** Well, the color—

**Howard:** Remember, I didn't do the color. I did the black and white.

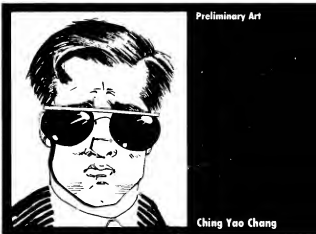
**Joe:** How much influence did you have on the color?

**Howard:** None, really.

**Joe:** But it's so pretty—

**Howard:** Alex [Wald] is a decorative colorist.

**Joe:** You have these nice, beautiful shades of color, and then—WHAM! Actually, I think that adds to the violence.



Preliminary Art

Ching Yao Chang

**Howard:** One of the things I was trying to do was stress this sort of arbitrary violence. A lot of the violence in the series is random and unpleasant, and unfortunately, in the real world outside of comic books or the realm of comic book readers, life doesn't move in a multiple-panel breakdown. So I wasn't real comfortable with the violence I was doing, but it was necessary for the story.

**Joe:** But you *wrote* the story . . .

**Howard:** Yeah! But the fact of the matter is I sometimes write stuff that I have a hard time drawing because I feel I have to be



Harry Vincent

challenged occasionally. I've done this before. For example, one of the reasons I did a Western story at one point was to embarrass myself into drawing horses in public.

**Joe:** So it's Howard the writer challenging Howard the artist?

**Howard:** Damn right.

**Joe:** Does it ever get too schizophrenic for you?

**Howard:** No way! That's how I keep interested!

**Joe:** Do you feel you're a better writer than artist or a better artist than writer?

**Howard:** I don't feel that one thing has anything to do with the other.

**Joe:** Well, you can put yourself in an adversarial position. The writer can sometimes get behind the artist and kick him in the pants. Which one is more important?

**Howard:** Look, I've been drawing professionally for sixteen, seventeen years, and I've been writing professionally on a steady level for three. I'm not going to flatter myself—I'm doing the best I can with what I have.

**Joe:** What's your working style on a series like this? You have a clever little story here, where all the pieces fit together eventually, even though it's a bit confusing at the beginning.

**Howard:** Hey, come on! Why does everybody say that? Just because everything is so easy to understand in most comic books?

**Joe:** No, no, it *is* confusing . . .

**Howard:** One of the responsibilities of the writer is to misdirect the reader, to make it a little more difficult and strenuous.

**Joe:** That's what good storytelling is—you don't give everything away at the beginning.

**Howard:** My feeling is that most comic books haven't got an ending to give away. So there's nothing to lose.

**Joe:** When you're putting together your story, do you have everything in mind as you start out, or are you writing and

drawing at the same time? Which comes first? Do you make that distinction?

**Howard:** I tend to work in segments and modules doing *scenes* at a time, rather than going linearly through the story to the end. I know I have to introduce a certain number of ideas at the outset in order to get to the later stages. To keep it all straight, I use index cards.

**Joe:** That's terrific. I just took up that habit.

**Howard:** I deal index cards. That's basically how it works.

**Joe:** When I was staying at Jack Kirby's I saw him work for a while on three-page segments and then shuffle.

**Howard:** Right. That's exactly how you do it.

**Joe:** I was very impressed.

**Howard:** There's a book called *Screenplay* by Syd Field. It gives the technique. It's a good guide for writing comics.

**Joe:** What were some of your literary influences for *The Shadow*? Is there any James Bond in there or Mike Hammer?

**Howard:** I've never read Mike Hammer. I actually bought my first Mickey Spillane this past week. And on top of that I bought *A Coffin for Dimitrios* by Eric Ambler and E. L. Doctorow's *World's Fair*. I've read the Bond books, but I've never seen the movies with any regularity.

**Joe:** Let's get to your artistic influences. Do I see any Bob Peak [the commercial artist] in there?

**Howard:** I've always liked Bob Peak. He's one of the best draftsmen around.

**Joe:** And Alex Toth?

**Howard:** He's one of the best comic book artists who ever worked. That's, like, a big secret?

**Joe:** Can I call you a disciple of Alex . . . ?

**Howard:** I'd go out on a limb and say if Alex is a church, I'm a disciple. Wait, don't print that. It's terrible—Alex will kill me.

**Joe:** Unfortunately, he's not so well-known these days. When you talk to today's kids—

**Howard:** Joe! You make me feel like an old man! You're making me feel like I used to make *you* feel.

**Joe:** Exactly. That's my next question, but first let's answer this one. The kids today know you—

**Howard:** Don't keep saying "the kids."

**Joe:** Okay, the *younger* readers don't see very much of his work.

**Howard:** I feel deprived, too. I'd like to see more of Alex's work. He's a fun guy to read.

**Joe:** Now, our next question. Your *Shadow* series really emphasizes youth. You bring him back as a youthful person, and the older characters are all either jealous or obsessed with regaining their youth. Are you worried about getting old?



**Howard:** You bet. What are you, crazy?

**Joe:** Do you feel it creeping up on you?

**Howard:** Damn right, I do. I don't know why, because, frankly, on a realistic level, I look younger than I ever have. But I do have a sense of my own mortality for the first time. I feel like I've maintained my teenage years well into my early thirties, but now it's time to grow up.

**Joe:** Do you feel you've totally matured as an artist?

**Howard:** No, of course not. Life is practice. I've said that many times.

**Joe:** Let me play devil's advocate here for a minute.

**Howard:** Don't push your luck, Joe.

**Joe:** I suppose your interpretation of The Shadow is that he was—what people now would call—a pretty sexist character to begin with, so there was no reason to change him for your story, right?

**Howard:** The fact is that a man of his position on a professional level, personal level, and emotional level, who was born when he was and lived when he did, would necessarily have been a sexist by today's standards. I think it's the nature of his character. It's not something I applied, it's something I extrapolated. Along the same lines, if you write a story about a man who was raised in the racist 1920s South, just because he's your hero doesn't mean that you can immediately put a set of your own 1980s hip attitudes in the mouth of that 1920s Southerner.

**Joe:** You're right—with The Shadow being hidden away and isolated at Shambala all that time, and being the age he is, how *could* he have changed?

**Howard:** Listen, the guy was born in what—1899? Figure that. How many guys do *you* know who are 87 years old running around today?

**Joe:** My father.

**Howard:** Come on! He's probably a sexist pig, too! It's an attitude reflected in men of his time.

**Joe:** Don't you think, though, that some of The Shadow's comrades, like Harry Vincent, who have spent time in this society, might have had their attitudes tempered a bit?

**Howard:** Only a little.

**Joe:** In your story, The Shadow is very unapologetic about his attitudes and his methods.

**Howard:** Yeah. The Shadow is an arrogant S.O.B. He's taken it upon himself to say "Hey! I kill 'em! I kill 'em as I see 'em!" In the context of comic books we were raised to believe that Batman didn't use a gun and Superman always played fair. The Shadow *never* played fair in that context—he perceived himself as the law, and when necessary, *above* the law.

**Joe:** Okay. That all makes sense. But how do you explain, then, the way he manages to control the *modern* women he's working with now?

**Howard:** The Shadow has supernatural powers derived from his presence in Shambala, and therefore has a basically hypnotic personality. He's a superior man, a bastardized product of an advanced culture. His sons acknowledge that the presence of his blood in their veins poisons their direct connection to that advanced race.

**Joe:** Because their purity was diluted by an outsider.

**Howard:** Yes. His sons are halfbreeds. And even in their halfbreedness they're twice as evolved as we are. Yet in the context of Shambala, they're looked down upon by those more "pure."

**Joe:** It's apparent, then, that even though you've modernized Shambala and made it more scientifically oriented, you've retained that supernatural element.

**Howard:** Of course the supernatural element is still there—remember The Shadow did have surgery to improve his body. And Western philosophy implies improvement of the body is also the improvement of the mind. The fact of the matter is that this character, in the 1930s, clouded men's minds and controlled people's wills. I simply updated the character, and I don't think I did anything with him that was directly opposed to anything that either Walter Gibson or Ted Tinsley did. Particularly Tinsley. I found his version more interesting. His stories are a lot more perverse and violent.

**Joe:** Tell me what you're working on now.

**Howard:** I'm doing *Blackhawk*—it's my version of World War II, 1943, but not 1943 like *you* ever lived through it.

**Joe:** Sounds terrific. Think you'll write a book someday?

**Howard:** A novel? Hell, no. My generation writes screenplays, Joe.



Preliminary Art

Mavis Lockhart